THE PASSION OF OUR Blessed Lord AND SAVIOUR *Jesus Christ*: OR, CRIES of the SON of GOD.

Digested from the Works of the late Reverend Dr. *Hornick*.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

London: Printed for S. *Bates* in *Gilt-spur-street*.

4225. a 31.

THE PASSION OF OUR Blessed Lord AND SAVIOUR *Jesus Christ:* OR, CRIES of the SON of GOD.

Digested from the Works of the late Reverend Dr. *Hornick.*

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

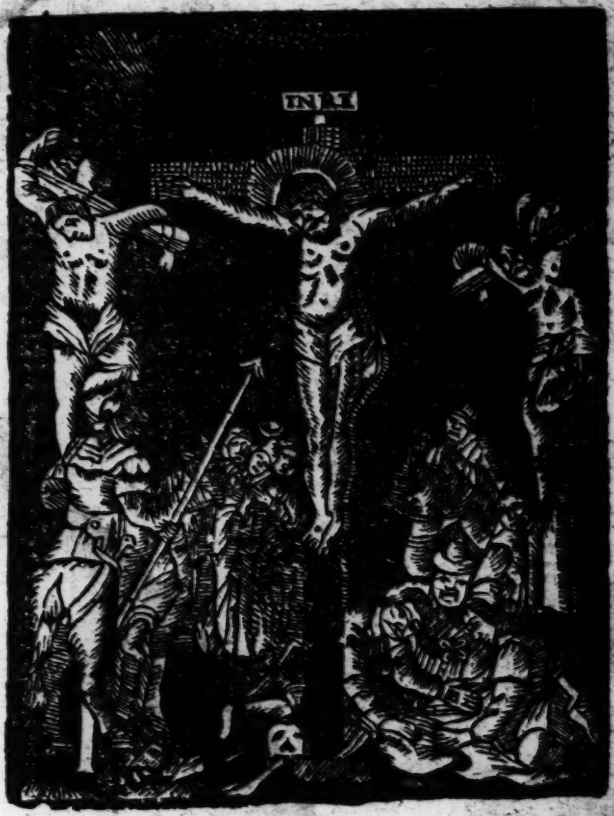
London: Printed for S. *Bates* in *Gilt-spur-street.*

The Love of a dying SAVIOUR

WHAT makes this dreadful Sound, Eli,
Eli, Lamasabachthani?
What is it makes the Earth to shake?
Who is it makes the Earth to quake?
Jesus.) *'Tis I, poor Soul, that's lifted up*
To drink my Father's bitter Cup:
'Tis I must die the Death o'th' Slave,
From Sin and Hell thy Soul to save,
Look, see how I am Crucify'd.
Behold I'm pierced thro' the side!
My tender Head with Thorns is Crown'd,
And with the Jews encompass'd round.
Whilst dryed with Grief's my tender Throat,
And Soldiers *for my seemless Coat*
Cast Lots.—Father, thy Will be done,
Forsak'st thou, Why thine only Son?
See, Sinner, *see my Hands are Nail'd,*
My trickling Side, *and* Legs, *exhal'd*
From Natures length! Can'st thou believe?
Do and thou shalt Mercy receive.
Soul) *Ah, Lord my trembling Soul relent,*
And with each Faculty Repents:
Lord, I believe, my Unbelief
Help thou, and with the blessed Thief,
Afford me Mercy, *Lord, that I,*
May dwell with thee Eternally.
And since 'tis so, to thee I'll bring
Whole Hecatombs of Praise Off'ring.

46.12.17.475

My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?



The Paſſion of our moſt bleſſed *Lord* and *Saviour* JESUS CHRIST: Or, Cries of the Son of God.

O H my Soul, what anxious Thoughts diſturb thy Peace! *Why art thou caſt down, and why art thou ſo diſquieted within me!* Is there no Ground of Hope left to caſt the Anchor of thy Faith upon? Drop on holy Jeſus, who will uphold and ſuſtain thee. Nay tho' I have ſearch'd all the City thro', yet I can hear no Tidings of him.

Ariſe, O my Soul, come let's up once more, make enquiry, perhaps he hath lain him down to ſleep, 'till the Morning break. *Watchmen*, Watchmen, did you ſee my Beloved go this way; Tell me, tell me quickly, for my Soul hath long deſired to ſpeak with him, and my Heart thirſts after my Love, my Dove, and undefiled One.

The contrite Heart of an humble Soul falls in Love with the Excellency of Jeſus, and thirſteth after him.

Who is your beloved; that we cannot but take notice of him, I pray now, What is your Beloved more than another; Oh, my beloved is a Bundle of *Myrrh*, like a Cluſter of *Camphire* in the *Valley* of *Engiddi*! *my beloved is fair, having Dove's Eyes*, and is the chiefeſt of ten Thouſands. O that I had my Beloved, I would not let him go, but he ſhould lye all night betwixt my Breaſts. O therefore, tell me quickly, good Watchmen, that I may find him whom my Soul longs for, Why truly, you ſeem to be much troubled, and we pity thee; we muſt confeſs, a Rude *Multitude* ran this way with Staves, Clubs, and Halberts, and a Candle and Lantern, whiſpering as they went, but know not what they ſaid or meant, but this we heard them ſay, *He's in the Garden of Gethſemane*. Aye, and are ye ſure they ſaid ſo? Then my beloved is there, I will follow hard after him, leſt the Rabbles find him whom my ſoul loves. Hark, hark my ſoul, methinks I hear his Voice moſt bitterly crying out Lord, where art thou; What are they a doing to thee; O my Soul run to his Relief, aye, but whether; 'Tis dark, and the Voice comes from far, and I know not the way. O good Watchmen, pray now lend me, tell me, or ſhew me the way. We can't go from our Rounds, nor will we, to ſeek out we know not who, but keep on this Road which leads to the Garden of *Gethſemane*, and you'll find him, we believe. Well, I will haſte away as faſt as I can.

The Anſwer of All.

What

What, Lord have I found thee overflow'd with bloody, ſweat, pleeding with thy Father, Both the heavy Loads of Grief overwhelm thy Heart; Can'ſt not ſpeak my dear Lord? Why ſo ſad, O holy Jeſus. Who has injured my Love; What no comfort yet? Speak Lord, I pray thee, leſt I faint for want of one Word proceeding from thy precious Lips to my poor drooping Soul.

The Soul finds its Saviour praying and ſweating in the Garden.

Behold, Sinners, ſee what I am now doing for thee. Behold, every Faculty and Power of my Body and Soul is almoſt ſpent, in wreſtling with my Father for thy Salvation! But his Wrath is great, and be my Paſſion never ſo great, yet there is nothing will do; nothing can make Attonement but my Life. *The Cup muſt not paſs from me, my Father's Will muſt be done*; and I am very ready it ſhould be ſo; Nay, I the Lord of Life, am willing to ſtoop to Death, Hell, and the Grave, to free thee from the juſt Wrath of an angry God.

Look, Sirs, *Behold the Hour is come, wherein I muſt be betrayed*? Gentlemen, Who do ye want? My Name's Jeſus of Nazareth; D'ye ſeek me? Hark ye, you have a ſign whereby you know the Perſon you want. Come Kiſs me: *Judas*, for lo, I long till all be fulfilled.

O my dear God, what shall I do? I'll go along with thee, O Lord, where ever thou art, there let me be also. O wicked Soldiers forbear; what draw their Swords! Lord, I fear they'll kill thee. What *Judas* hast thou no remorse of Conscience at the betraying of thine own Lord and Master, who suffered thee to eat and drink with him at his sacred Table; Thou wantedst not Money, for thou hadst thy Master's Purse and all at dispose, therefore why didst thou sell him? O covetous *Judas*, for the lucre of Money, thou hadst sold thy ever blessed Jesus, and thy own Salvation too? Better had it been if thou hadst never been born. And thou *Malchus*, can'st thou not believe it is the Lord of Life, the King of Isreal, the King of Glory, since thy Ear is healed, but at the stretching out of his Hand? O Lord, stretch forth thy Hand, and put the Finger of Mercy into my Soul, thro' the Key-hole of my Heart, that I may be healed of all my Sins and Infirmities? *Lord, if thou wilt thou can'st make me clean.* Ah, Soldiers, where are you hailing Jesus? Peter wilt thou not go along with thy Master? What stand off, to deny him; O come, and let us follow hard after him? perhaps with our earnest *Cries* and *Entreaties* we may persuade him to let him go. Well Peter if thou wilt not go, I'll go by my self. O blessed Jesus, what art thou led as a Lamb to the Slaughter! *(Not by the way, That Soul which would enjoy the Blessings of a Christ, must be contented to bear his Cross.* Sure thou never didst offend or injure them in the least,

for

for thou wert all Meekneſs, when reviled, reviled not again. But my dear Lord, where are we now? What, vile Rebels, ſmite your Saviour, and ſpit in his Face like Bruits! O Lord, why doſt thou not cut them off.

Peace, ſilly Soul, (*ſaith Chriſt*) Know ye not that I have a Baptiſm to be baptiz'd with! And Lo, how I long till it is accompliſhed! Thinkeſt thou not, if I would reſiſt, I would Pray to my Father, and he would give me more than Twelve Legions of Angels to reſcue me! But how then ſhall the Scriptures be fulfilled, and his Will be done! All this is nothing to what I muſt undergo for thy Salvation. Ah, my dear God, my bleſſed Jeſus, let me participate of thy Afflictions, let me reſign up all to thee who art King over all, bleſſed for ever.

But, *my bleſſed Jeſus*, What Hall is this we are in! What the Judgment-Hall! Surely Lord, their Feet are ſwift to ſhed innocent Blood, and their Hearts thirſt after Deſtruction. O *Annas*, thou High Prieſt, what take Counſel again Jeſus of Nazareth, and deliver out of the Treaſury thirty Pieces of Silver to curſed *Judas*, to betray his Maſter! better hadſt thou delivered out of the Treaſury of thy Heart, all thy evil Corruptions, and implore Mercy at his Feet. And now my Soul attend to their Proceedings againſt thy Lord, and ſee how unmercifully they are with

with him. First they carried him to *Annas*, in order to get Counſel againſt him; but he finding the Witneſſes were not fully agreed, (for one ſaid this thing, another that, and a third quite contrary) gave them longer time to conſer about it, that they might One and All, bring in an Accuſation to the Purpoſe. And the better to Effect this he ſends them to *Caiaphas* the High Prieſt. But he, upon Examination, finding them Confus'd in their Evidence was willing to releaſe him. Upon this ruſht into the Aſſembly many falſe Witneſſes, but they Contradicting one another alſo, made a very tumultuous Uproar among them. At laſt came in ſome few who affirmed, That he raiſed Lazarus from the Grave after he had been four Days dead and began to ſtink, which Miracle drew many of the Jews to believe on him, and this ſaid they, we do not affirm only as a Report, but matter of Fact; for ſome of us not only heard him ſay at the Grave's mouth, *Lazarus*, come forth bound Hand and Feet, with grave Cloaths about him, and a Napkin on his Head. Lo, this we have both ſeen and heard, with many other things beſides.

O my dear Lord, What is it they witneſs againſt thee? Do they affirm thou raiſed *Lazarus* from the Grave? What then, ye faithleſs and perverſe Generation, is it not lawful to do good rather than Evil? Verily, your Hearts are ſeared, otherwiſe they would not act contrary to Law and Reaſon.

Reaſon. And O holy Jeſus, who raiſed up *Lazarus* to Life, raiſe thou my Soul out of the Grave of Sin, to live the Life of Righteouſneſs.

Then the Chief Prieſts and Elders with the Scribes and Phariſees, farther conſulted and ſaid, What do we? This Man doth many Miracles, and if we let him alone, all Men will believe on him, and the Romans will come and take away our Place and Nation. Miſerble Jews how fearful are you leſt any ſhould venture on him, and Believe, ſeeing his Miracles! Lord, I will freely part with all for thy Sake, Yea, let who will come and poſſeſs this earthly Subſtance, I am content, ſo I may enjoy the Influence of thy bleſſed Spirit, which none can rob me of. But Caiaphas ſaid unto them, Ye know nothing at all, nor conſider that it is Expedient for us, that no Man ſhould die for the People, and that the Nation periſh not. And this he ſpake not of himſelf, but God ordered it ſo, that the Prophecy ſhould come out of his own Mouth, to condemn him at the laſt Day. *And from that time forward, they took counſel to put him to Death.* Hitherto all they did, could not accompliſh their wicked Deſigns. At laſt mad at Heart, they, with a deteſtable and wicked Reſolution, contrived to hire two impudent Soldiers to Swear againſt him in the High Prieſt's Hall. Accordingly the Wretches came, and with loud Voices and open Mouths, Cryed, ſaying, *This Fellow ſaid, I am able to deſtroy the Temple*

Temple of God and raise it in three Days. And so indeed *he was*; for he spoke nothing but the Truth, (meaning his Body as the Apostle *Paul* says, *our Bodies are the Temple of the Holy Ghost*) and that in three Days he should raise it from the Grave. But neither these Fellows, nor his Judges had as yet known the Scriptures, nor Power of God. Then said *the High Priest*, *It is true what these two witness against thee: but Jesus held his Peace.* Then said *the High Priest*, *I conjure thee by the living God, to tell us whether thou art Christ, the Son of the living God.* And Jesus, when it was put home to him in these three great Truths, Art thou Christ, the Son of the living God! Answered I am. Then the High Priest rent his Cloaths and said, What need we any farther Witness against him; Ye have all heard how he hath blasphemed; what think ye: And they all with one consenting Voice, condemn'd him to be guilty of Death.

Then they begin to Spit on him, and to buffet him, and strike him with the Palms of their Hands, reviling him as a seditous Fellow, blindfolding and smiting him on the Face, saying, *Prophecy now unto us, thou Christ, who is it that smote thee.* At last, finding they could not agree together, as to putting him to Death, and to pass Sentence on him, (for they all agreed in the just Merits of his Condemnation) yet he must first be sent to Pontius Pilate their chief Governor.

And

And now, O my Soul, didſt thou ever hear ſuch Arrogance, Malice, and Envy before! Could any imagine their Hearts ſhould be ſo hardened, who void of any Pity and Compaſſion, hunted and worried the Lord of Hoſts from one Place to another. Well might he ſay, Foxes have Holes, and Birds of the Air have Neſts, but the Son of Man have no where to lay his Head. O my Soul, doth it not make thee tremble to ſee Chriſt, thy God, King, and Redeemer, haled by rude Soldiers to Condemnation. Ah, my dear Jeſus, what made thee deſcend from Heaven to Earth, become Man, and be born in an open Stable, in ſuch Poverty and Miſery, but Love, celeſtial Love, to make Satisfaction to thy Father, for all my heinous Sins committed againſt thy ever bleſſed Majeſty. O dear and wonderful Lord, how ſhall I requite thy Love! O let me never fall away from Thee, nor thy Faith, but be ſtedfaſt to the End; and happy are all they that after they have denied with Peter their Redeemer, find a Door of Mercy open to receive them again. O Peter, doſt thou not remember thy Maſter's Words now! What curſe and ſwear you know him not, when but a little before you ſaid, *Though I ſhould Dye with thee, yet will I not deny thee!* How haſt thou forgotten thy own Promiſe and Ingagement made to thy departing and dying Saviour! Now *Peter* art thou in the Gall of Bitterneſs, and in the Blood of iniquity

Doth

Doth not the Arrows of the Almighty wound thy Soul, now thou ſeeſt thou art fallen? O let him that ſtandeth, be cautious leſt he fall in the ſame manner as thou haſt done!

And now, my Soul, hark, what are they going to do? O dear Lord God, precious Jeſus, what will nothing appeaſe the Tumult, but thy Death? O *Pilate*, proceed not to condemn thy Redeemer, but rather ſuffer thy Body to be torn in Pieces by the Multitude.

And *Pilate*, ſeeing nothing would avail, nor would they ſuffer him to be releaſed, after he was ſcourged, buffetted, ſmitten, ſpit upon, reviled, mocked, and hiſt at, with his Head crowned with ſharp Thorns, which like Needles pierced his tender Brain; and his Body is ſcorn cloathed with a Purple Robe. Thus dealt with, they admitted no Plea for him, but cryed out, *Releaſe unto us Barabbas, and crucify this ſeditious Fellow Jeſus; away with him, away with him.* Pilate ſeeing this, and that the Uproar was great, call'ed for Water, and waſhing his Hands, ſaid, *I am innocent of the Blood of this juſt Perſon, ſee you to it.* Then anſwered all the People, *His Blood*——Nay, hold Gentlemen, (ſaith *Pilate*) here your King ſtands, I have examined him, and endeavoured to trap him in his Replies, and lo! I find no fault at all in him. But they cried out the more outragiouſly, *Crucify him, Crucify him: his Blood be upon us, and on our Children.* Then releaſed he *Barabbas*, and ſcourging Jeſus delivered him to be Crucified.

Ah,

Ah, cruel Pilate, who haſt thou Condemned? The Lord of Glory, the Son of God, and redeemer of the World. See yonder, how He's haled away from thee, ſtooping under the Burden of his Croſs, and his feeble Legs trembling by Reaſon of its Weight; ſo that with the Duſt, Dirt, Crowd, Sweat, Blood, and want of Suſtenance, to revive his fatigued drooping Spirits, the bleſſed Jeſus is ready to ſink. Can'ſt thou look after him, Pilate, and ſee all this, and thy Heart and Soul not faint and bleed? O Lord, let me with the happy *Cyrenian*, help to bear thy Croſs.

And, after they had abuſed him, and put many Indignities upon him, they led him towards *Golgotha* to crucify him? where they gave him *Vinegar* and *Gall* to drink, and when he had taſted thereof, he would not drink.

And now, O bleſſed Jeſus, what Eye can endure to ſee or behold thee? How with rude, brawny Fiſts, and ſear'd Hearts, they force, twiſt, pull, hale, and extend thy ſacred Hands, which were always doing Good, and Healing Diſeaſes, now Nailing to the Croſs? What Heart cannot but Mourn, and Lament bitterly, as not being able to behold thee? Surely, our very Souls muſt be pricked, and our Hearts break within us, to ſee thy ever bleſſed Side pierced, ſpringing out Streams of Blood.

And now, dear Jeſus, to ſee how with uncontrouled Severity, they pierced thy Hands and Feet,

Feet, and penetrate thy Nerves and Sinews, forcing the ſacred Blood out of thy tender and delicate Veins upon the Croſs, and all for me, and my Sins, doſt thou endure this Torment, and ſhed ſo many Drops of Blood, crying out in the Bitterneſs of thy Soul, behold and ſee if there be any Sorrows like unto my Sorrow. O

Lord, how am I able to ſee Thee groaning, bleeding, and dying for me, and not weep and mourn, and diſſolve into Tears and Sorrows? O rather than my ſpent Eyes ſhould want Tears of Water, help my Heart, O God, to weep Tears of Blood.

Nailed to the Croſs his Arm out-ſtretch'd,
Thro' Agony a Sigh he fetch'd;
Whoſe Voice all Thunders did out-do,
Rending the Temple's Vail in two;
Making the Earth to ſhake, and thoſe
Who ſlept in Graves, forthwith aroſe
And after he aloud had cry'd,
Gave up the Ghoſt, thus crucify'd
Between two Thieves they did him rear,
Piercing his Body with a Spear,
Whilſt Soldiers thro' baſe Avarice,
Do for his ſeamleſs Coat caſt Dice.

How

How, Lord canſt forbear? When I conſider every Sigh, every Groan, every Cry and Tear, every drop of Blood, every Pain, every Twitch, Beſides Convulſions and Extortions that thou endureſt, are the Products and Effects of my Sin? Lord let not a Minute nor Thought be ſpent in vain, now thou art dying and bleeding on the Croſs.

And now, O holy Jeſus, help my poor crippled Soul thro' the Crowd, to lay it ſelf at the *Foot* of thy Croſs, to receive the drops of Blood, as they come *trickling down* from thy *Wounds* upon my defiled Soul that not *one* drop of thy precious Blood may Spil on the Ground, or the ſacred Liquor of eternal Life be waſted or loſt.

O Lord, who is able to behold thee longer? O that I could bleed, Dye, and pour out my very Soul with thee. *Lord, remember me when thou comeſt into thy Kingdom!* O Lord, *O Lamb of God, and Redeemer of the World*, hear me! Remember me now thou art giving up thy precious Life, and pouring out thy innocent, harmleſs; and compaſſionate Soul.

But ſtay, O bleſſed Jeſus, *what* is it I perceive and ſee in this black *and* dismal Hour? Lord, is it thee, in thine Agony *and* bloody Sweat? It is ſo dark I *can* but juſt ſee thee. Is it not finiſh'd yet? What ſay'ſt thou Lord, to a poor fainting, dying Soul? Speak, Lord, ſpeak one Word of Comfort to me notwithſtanding thine Adverſaries and implacable Enemies about thee. Wilt thou ſpeak, Lord, and my Soul ſhall hear? If thou art ſo faint

thou can'ſt not ſpeak, let thy good Prophet ſpeak for thee.

Wherefore when I came, there was no Man to help: When I called there was none to hear? Do you think I am paſt ſaving you? Tho' you all forſake me in this Hour of my Crucifixion, yet I do not forſake you, my Children, and my Flock, my poor Lambs, my Redeemed and Purchas'd of my Soul: Is my Hand ſhortned at all, tho' nailed to the Croſs, that I cannot Save, or that I cannot Redeem? *Behold, at my Rebuke I dry up the Sea: and I, tho' dying at the Croſs, this Moment make the Earth to ſhake; and it would immediately tumble down into the eternal bottomleſs Pit, but that I bear up the Pillars thereof. Let the Jews have as mean and vile Thoughts of me as they pleaſe, yet it is I that makes the Rocks to rent, the Sun to gather Paleneſs, and the Moon to turn into Blood. But to ſet at Liberty the Purchas'd of my Soul, I freely give my Back to the Smiters, and my Cheeks to them that pluck off my Hair.*

Up, O my Soul, or elſe thou wilt loſe the Sight of thy Saviour; Darkneſs haſtens apace. O holy Jeſus, is it not thee? Let me wipe and drain my dim and almoſt ſpent Eyes, and look again; Lord, it is thee: I ſtill perceive the Tears diſtilling down thy ſacred Face, the Temples boyling out ſpirituous Blood; and thy ſacred Hands and Feet blubbering up and venting from behind the Nails great Bladders of Blood and Froth from the expulſive Darts of the moſt exquiſite Torments. What from the ſixth till almoſt the ninth Hour, is

my

my dear Saviour in the heighth of his vehement Agony, and not over yet? What Sin am I guilty of that is not atton'd yet; that God is ſo incenſed at, that he will not yet pardon? O quickly, quickly help me, O my God, to find it out, that thou may'ſt no longer be extorted and convuls'd in theſe grievous Torments. Look upon me, Jeſus; one Glance, ſweet Jeſus. What doſt look? Lord, that one languiſhing dying Look has brought all to Remembrance, Lord, humbly reſign it all up, that thou mayſt be delivered from the Torments and Bondage of Death, that my Soul may be ſaved thereby. O but hark, hark my Soul! what's that which ſounds thus in my Ear? I am ſure it is no uſual Cry: It can come from none but my tortur'd Redeemer. Silence, hark! what is't? *Eli, Eli, Lamaeſabachani: My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* O God, O Lord, O ever bleſſed Redeemer, O Saviour, O Son and Lamb of God, Where ſhall I hide my ſelf from the Wrath and dreadful Diſpleaſure of thy Father? If thou cry'ſt out ſo, what then can I do? If the Son of God cries out ſo bitterly, what muſt a poor, vile, wretched, miſerable Sinner do? What, ſtill perſiſt, ye incredulous *Jews!* See, the Lord of Life prays for you, *Father forgive them for they know not what they do.* Do you begin to have ſome Remorſe? Doth your Conſcience ſmite you, and compel ye to cry out, *Surely this is the Son of God!* Can't ye find in your Hearts to take him down before his laſt Breath expires? Behold his Arms

ſtretcht out alongtime to embrace Sinners, and now he bows his Head to kiſs 'em? Lord, one ſweet Kiſs before thou giveſt up the Ghoſt. *And when Jeſus cried with a loud Voice, he ſaid, Father into thy Hands I commit my Spirit, And having thus ſaid, he gave up the Ghoſt.*

Ah my Soul, where is thy Redeemer gone? Behold here hangs his Body beſmear'd with Blood! With Skin all torn with Knobs and Wheals of Stripes, hanging down his Head, crown'd with a Garland of Thorns, trickling thro' his Skull to the tender Brain, and nailed to the Croſs. What ſo henious a Fault could he do to deſerve it? What Judge could be ſo cruel to put him to it? What Man could have ſo butcherly a Mind as to deal ſo outragiouſly with him?

Ah, dear Love, where art thou? Thou art the Comfort of my Heart, the Solace of my Mind, the true Content and Joy of my Afflicted Soul, where art thou to be found? Let me but know, and thither ſpeedily will I go; for where thou art, there is all Treaſure, true Peace, true Reſt and Happineſs to be had. How ſhall I find thee? Ah where ſhall I find thee, my dear Lord? When ſhall I requite thy Labour? How ſhall I be able to requite thy woful Pain and Death for me? Ah how ſhall I do ſomething acceptable and grateful unto thee? Ah how ſhall I ſubſiſt without my Life, or live without my Love? Thou art my Life and Love; and it is worſe than Death to me here to live, and not to live in thee. Ah, Love divine, ſhew now thy Power, and

carry

carry me beyond my ſelf! O endleſs Light, illuminate my Underſtanding, to know what and where thou art! O burning Fire of endleſs Flames of Love, conſume me quite, and let me bear no more what yet I am, but transform me to be ſomewhat like thy ſweet ſelf, that I may live in thee, both here and to all Eternity. Ah thou that excelleſt all the Children of Men in Beauty; in whoſe Lips Grace was ſhed ſo plentifully, yea even with God's own Hand, Where is that Beauty of thine? Where is that Grace of thy Lips? I find it not, I ſee it not; fleſhly Eyes conceive not ſuch a Myſtery; open thou the Eyes of my Mind; bring thy divine Light near to me, and give me Power to look more wiſely upon thee.

I ſee it is Jeſus the Son of God, the unſpotted Lamb, without Sin, without Fault, without Offences, which took my wickedneſs upon him, to the intent that being ſet free from Sin, might be again brought into God's Favour; riſe again from my Fall; return home from Baniſhment, and that which I deſerv'd he ſuffered, and that which I could never attain unto he freely giveth.

Ah, my Redeemer, Deliverer and Saviour, draw me to thee, that being always mindful of thy Death, truſting always in thy Goodneſs; And being always thankful for thy unſpeakable Benefits, I may be made a Partaker of ſo great a Reward, and not ſeperated from thy Body through my own Unthankfulneſs, ſo as thou ſhould'ſt have been born in vain in reſpect

reſpect of me, and in vain have ſuffered ſo many Torments, and moſt cruel Death, of thine own accord, for my ſake.

And now raiſe up thy Head, my Soul, and look up to Heaven, and behold the Glory of thy Crucified Saviour, for why ſhould my Heart ſtill dwell upon Earth, ſince the Treaſure thereof is return'd to Heaven; and ſince my glorify'd Jeſus is aſcended above, to prepare me a Place in his own Kingdom.

O Heaven! to thee I lift up my languiſhing Head, ſtretching out my trembling Hands to reach at thy Glories, for ſo he that was dead, and laid in the Grave low enough to prove himſelf Man, is riſen again, and aſcended into Heaven, high enough to prove himſelf God.

Draw me, dear Lord, after thee, and the Odours of thy Sweetneſs, that I may run with delight thro' all the Paths of thy precious and pleaſant Commands, and not Crucify thee afreſh daily in Sinning againſt thy moſt ſacred Majeſty. And, O my dear Jeſus, carry me ſafely through this World, and when I depart, let thy Angels convey me to thy bleſſful Throne, to behold thy glorious Face, and rejoice with thee in thy Kingdom to all Eternity.

An HYMN.

AND now, my Soul, canst thou forget
That thy whole Life is one long Debt
Of Love to him, which on the Tree
Paid back thee Fee ſo he took for thee.
See how the Streams of precious Blood
Flow from five Wounds into one Flood.
With theſe he waſhes all thy Stains;
And by thy Eaſe with his own Pains.
Live, O for ever Live and Reign,
Bleſt Lamb, whom thy own Love hath ſlain,
And may thy loſt Sheep live to be
True Followers of thy Croſs and thee.

The CONCLUSION.

SING Hallelujah to our Lord,
who nobly entertains
His Friends with Bread of Life, and Wine
that iſſu'd from his Veins.
He gave his Body to be broke,
and unto Death bleed:
That we his ſacred Blood may Drink,
and on his Fleſh might feed.
A bitter Cup with Terror fill'd
he drank off for our ſake,
That we might of theſe heav'nly Sweets
his Table yields, partake
O ſave us; Lord to thee we cry,
from whence all Bleſſings ſpring;
We on thy Grace alone rely,
alone thy Glory ſing.
For 'tis not this alone, nor that,
thou haſt beſtow'd on me;

But all I have, and all I hope,
I have and hope from thee.
But more I have, and more I hope,
than I can speak or think;
Thy Blessing first refresh, then fill,
then overflow the brink.
Jesus sweet Jesus is the Name
my Heart shall still adore,
Sweet Jesus is the charming Word
which doth my life restore.
Live then, O Christ, O Lamb of God,
thy Throne established be:
For ever may all Hearts and Tongues
Sing Praises unto thee.
Now Glory to the eternal Lord,
thrice blessed Three in One;
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
till Time it self be done.

FINIS.